

The Evening World

Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 52 to 54 Park Row, New York.
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 48.....NO. 18,998.

EQUITABLE ACCOMPLICES.

Sam Loble, who stole \$27,816 of the Equitable policy-holders' money, has gone to Sing Sing to serve an eight-year term.

What power is keeping Sing Sing and the bigger Equitable rascals apart?

A full list of the accomplices in the Equitable loot might explain the delay.

A full and honest public investigation would reveal the accomplices.

FATHERS AND CHILDREN.

Happenings in the family of the average American citizen rarely get into print. The children are the immediate concern of their own parents, and, although the problems of family life are of the utmost importance, every father and mother have to work out these problems for themselves. The news of the day contains many different solutions of individual family matters.

John Guadio, of No. 412 East One Hundred and Fifteenth street, was out of work. He had five children—four boys and one girl. While he was laid up sick a sixth child arrived—another little girl. Guadio thought over his inability to provide for his family, and he came to the conclusion that they would be better taken care of with him dead. He took an old revolver and shot himself in the head.

Joseph Kirchmeyer, of Pittsburg, has been married twenty years. He is a painter and has worked steadily at his trade. The same day John Guadio shot himself because his sixth child had arrived Joseph Kirchmeyer applied to the Pittsburg Health Bureau for a certificate of the births of his seventeen children. He will send a certificate to President Roosevelt and ask for a medal as the record father of the United States. None of his seventeen children is a twin. In the twenty years of his marriage there have been only three years without an addition to the family.

William A. Glover, of South Orange, has a little boy of five and a little girl of three who like to play with matches. They built a bonfire on the bed and were spanked for it. A few days later they set fire to a parlor rug and were spanked again. On the day that Guadio shot himself the two little Glovers set fire to the house. Finding that spanking had no effect, their father took some of the remaining matches and burned his children's fingers to teach them to leave fire alone. The children are scarred for life. The Children's Protective Society has had Mr. Glover arrested. Mr. Glover has been for twenty years superintendent of a Sunday-school and in charge of the infants' class. The little children and Mrs. Glover take their father's part.

Morris Smith is a cigar-maker and lives at No. 4 Pitt street. He has ten children. The eldest, Celia, ran away from a cigar factory, where she was earning \$9 a week, to go on the stage. Her father had the police bring her back. He says she is better off in a cigar factory at \$9 a week, with the prospect of \$12, than she would be on the stage with a possibility of \$50.

When electrical engineer Danmann returned to his home, No. 35 West One Hundred and Twelfth street, he found his five-months-old baby, Ralph, dead from gas poison. The gas in his flat was turned on. The new law about the quality and the pressure of gas has not yet gone into effect, and as the result of the poisonous quality of the gas his baby is dead and his wife is in the Harlem Hospital suffering from gas poison.

John Zeller, a well-digger, of No. 280 Cooper avenue, Ridgewood, quarrelled with his son. He brought home a dynamite cartridge and exploded it in the kitchen. He was the only one that was killed, although the house was wrecked and his son was injured.

These are a few of such family happenings. It is only when things like these occur that the newspapers chronicle what is going on in the sixteen million of American families.

RAINES LAW CHANGES.

Although the amendments to the Raines law will have no great immediate effect, their provisions are of future importance. Any taxpayer may require the Department of Buildings to inspect a Raines-law hotel and to report whether it complies with the building laws and hotel regulations. Buildings which have been used continuously as hotels since before 1896 are exempt.

The object of these changes in the law is to weed out from the hotels with all-night and Sunday privileges all buildings which are not fireproof and which in other respects do not comply with the building law's hotel specification. The enforcement of these amendments would drive out of business the majority of hotels with liquor licenses. The limitation is that action will be taken only on the complaint of a taxpayer, and in the neighborhoods where the Raines-law hotels are most prevalent there is little likelihood of a taxpayer complaining.

The Japanese certainly are polite.

To go on a newsboys' picnic is a good cure for despondency.

The old Lighthouse Building at the corner of Greenwich and Vesey streets is to be sold. Few of the old downtown landmarks are left.

The young man who is charged with grand larceny, burglary, bigamy, desertion from the Navy and jail-breaking rivals an Equitable official in the number of charges against him.

New Jersey, too, is taking a State census. If the census were taken during office hours and at the place where the salary is paid New Jersey's increase would be much less and New York's much more.

The People's Corner.

Letters from Evening World Readers.

Defends Staten Island Transit.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Jabez Grammere complains of the slow transit to and from Staten Island. The distance from the Battery to St. George, S. I., is five miles. Where are the ferry-boats to be found that will go a mile in two minutes—faster than the ocean greyhounds go on open sea. And even if such ships were in operation, can they imagine the risk of collisions around the Battery, where already enough collisions occur between the slow boats of the several ferry companies docking there? Then that suggestion of a subterranean tunnel through which trains could rush at a mile a minute. What fare does Jabez expect to pay?

Where would the interest on this money come from? It takes me thirty-six minutes from the Battery to the 220 Broadway.

very door of my house, which is four blocks from the Stapleton station.

J. B. FAIR.

The Janitor's Black List.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Letter carriers often hand over the daily mail to a janitor or a small hall boy. If you happen to be on the janitor's black list you can wait for your mail. I have seen a letter carrier hand a bundle of mail to a hall boy who was playing ball on the walk. The boy did not stop playing, but gave the letters to another boy to hold. There are letter-boxes in some apartments, but it saves the carrier lots of trouble if he gives the mail to the janitor, who thus gets a nice chance to get even with tenants.

ALPHEA—The Legal Aid Society is at 220 Broadway.

Struck Out.

By J. Campbell Cory.



Said on the Side

ACCEPTANCE by the British Ambassador of the Presidency of a cricket club at Lenox, with the understanding that he will play on the team, establishes an interesting precedent. No record of an American diplomat or statesman captaining a nine while in office, though several have graduated from the players' bench. Perhaps necessary to admit that England, with its golfing Prime Minister and oricketing Ambassadors, is still a few points ahead of America in devotion to athletic sports.

"The word of Jimmy Hope," says his eulogist, Pat Sheedy, "was as good as his note." But it was in Jimmy's bonds in which police and public took greatest interest.

"Togo" now the favorite name for dogs. Well, perhaps, that Bolshevik did not win, as his name would be too long to fit any canine but a dachshund.

Iowa preacher proposes to "make the poor people feel that they are as welcome in church in overalls and jumpers as in Prince Alberts or Tuxedos." Ref. as in Prince Alberts or Tuxedos.

"The word of Jimmy Hope," says his eulogist, Pat Sheedy, "was as good as his note." But it was in Jimmy's bonds in which police and public took greatest interest.

A beer extract now manufactured so strong that a single drop added to ice water produces a "glass of pure beer of the finest grade." Something more meant by "taking a drop" than used to be the case.

"Dog beats express train." Lackawanna express train, though.

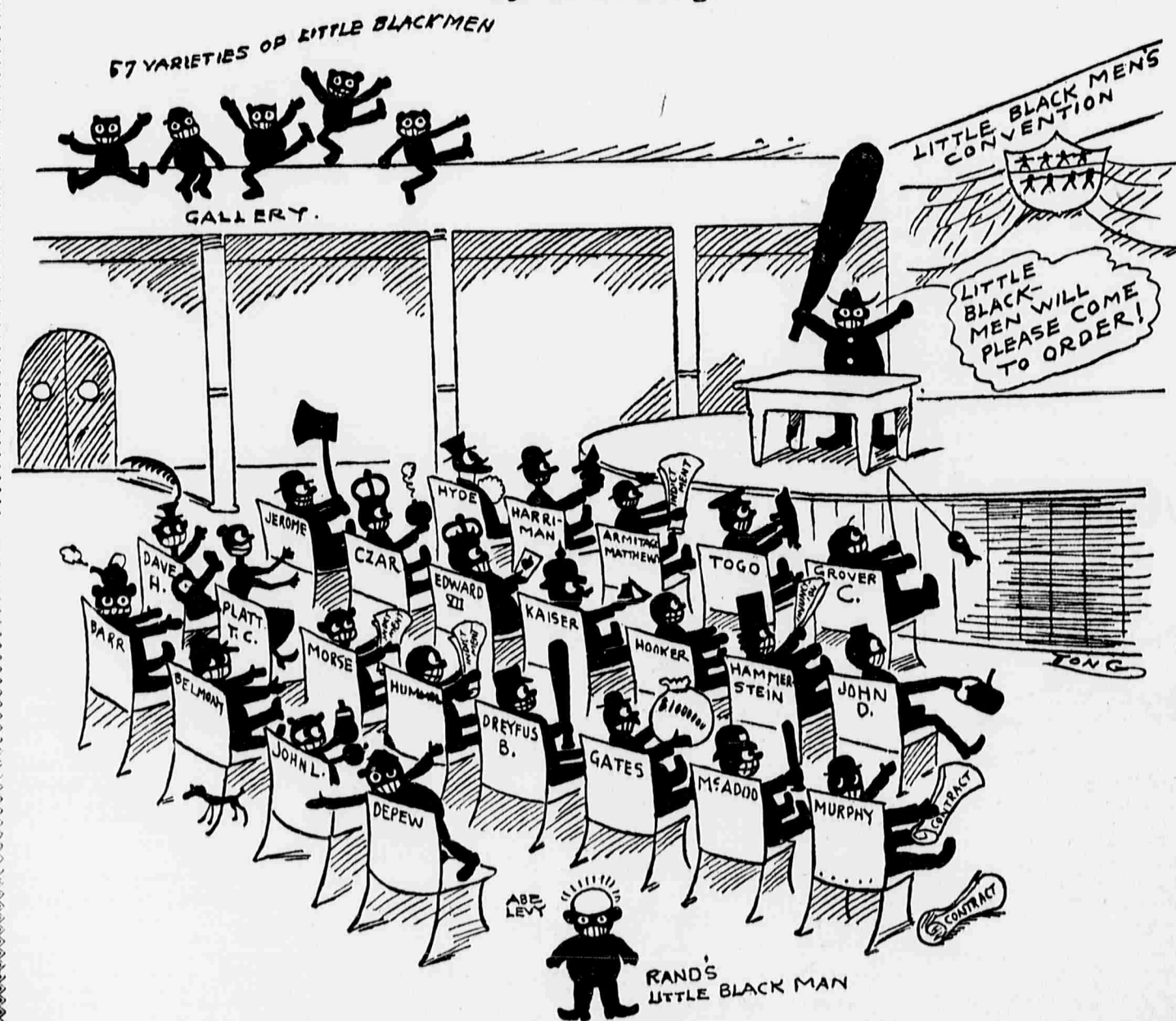
In giving druggists the right to offer the customer "something just as good," the courts, however, are not understood to have endorsed the substitution of wood alcohol for lime juice. Prescription counter errors which result fatally should carry a severer punishment for the offender than now rewards those mistakes of carelessness.

And yet that college professor who got the worse of a horse trade could probably tell you all about the origin, habitat, anatomy and characteristics of horses.

"King Alfonso, on a high-bred charger, hero of the Parisians." Still a strong sentiment in the French Republic for the man on horseback.

Little Black Men Get Together.

By F. G. Long.



All peoples' Little Black Men
To-day have got together
To plan to keep their victims
In hot water in hot weather.

The Girl from Kansas.

She Resents the Slurs Heaped by the Effete East Upon Her Sanguinary Home and Recites Some of Her Metropolitan Adventures.

By Alice Rohe.

"Yes, I'm from Kansas," admitted the Girl, "now please don't make the time-worn remark about that being all Kansas is good for. And don't tell me that everybody comes from Kansas who is lucky enough to escape. I'm tired of all that business. Anyway, if there is one thing that warms me it is the smug satisfaction of your thoroughbred New Yorker."

"Why, I'd like to know where your little Old New York would be if we Westerners didn't leave our prairie homes to set the pace for the strenuous life."

"Of course New York is the hub of the strenuous existence, but what makes it so but the awful hustle everybody has to get into to keep up with the Wild Westerners who superciliously smile upon?"

"You say Westerners are self-confident? Well, why shouldn't they be?"

They can come here to New York and get half-way toward the goal of their ambitions before your Roys! Smugnesses wake up. Why, there wouldn't be any East if there wasn't a West and we cow-whackers didn't come on here to keep you 'stopping lively'!

"The only things you regard as necessary are a pedigree and a pull. The pull always goes with the pedigree. We little sunflowers from bleeding Kansas come here and show you that a few things can be accomplished by push."

"And, say, I suppose you think Kansas was discovered by William Allen White. You never heard of it before he asked 'What's the matter with Kansas?' Well, that's just like the whole lot of you. You think there wasn't any creation outside the Isle of Manhattan, and if there was it wasn't worth while knowing about."

"Oh, I'll admit we don't change our clothes with every movement of the sun and there are a few of your smart ways we're not onto, but just give us a chance."

"Why, the first day my chum and I struck town we went to the Imperial, where a lady friend who knew a woman who had been to New York said we could get nice quiet inexpensive rooms suitable for unchaperoned girls. We made a terrible faux pas when we inquired if the \$4-a-day rate included board. Why, we could get board for a week out in Ossawatimie, Kan., for \$4 per. Anyway, we stayed one day, so we can always point to the hotel with a nonchalant air when our Kansas friends strike town as 'our hotel.'"

"Yes, my chum came with me. She thought she'd go on the stage. She has a lovely voice. Used to sing in the Baptist choir. The principal of the High School gave her a lovely letter to a man who has an office in the same block with Frohman."

"Me? Oh, I'm going in for art. That's a good game to work here if you just know how to work it."

"Come and see me. We're stopping at a theatrical boarding-house in Thirty-first street, where the landlady gets insulted if you ask for a key to your door. It's lovely."

The Man Higher Up.

By Martin Green.

"SEE," said the Cigar Store Man, "that President Patton, of Princeton, in a talk to the students, says that the meek are not getting the earth nowadays."

"No," replied the Man Higher Up, "the best the meek and humble of heart citizen gets these days is a good, swift kick on the ankle if he don't clear the way for the cheery hustler. If you want a piece of the earth or anything else in these times the way to get it is run over everybody in your path that you can run over and run around the rest."

"There is a place in the United States to-day for the strictly honest, conscientious man, but the place is a hole in the ground. The individual who won't take advantage of his fellows, pays his bills because he feels that debt is a moral obligation and generally tries to treat his neighbor as he would wish to be treated himself, struggles along with the tip of his nose above the surface of the sea of life until he gets tired, gives up the struggle and sinks. He leaves his family the legacy of a good name, but nobody outside of his family knows it."

"Jimmy Hope, the retired bank burglar, died the other day and the newspapers noted his demise to the extent of from one to three columns. On the same day scores of honest New Yorkers who never did a wrong act in their lives and wore out their minds and bodies struggling for their families passed into the great beyond. The only record of their deaths appears in the Bureau of Vital Statistics."

"People read admiringly about the deeds of a clever crook. When they read of a man who lived up to the Golden Rule and died in the almshouse they remark 'Poor sucker!' and turn over the paper to see if there is anything new about Mrs. Chadwick. The best paid lawyers in the country are the lawyers who can give competent advice on how to chloroform the law. Graft has become a National joke. The young man starting in mercantile or public life to-day soon finds that to hold his job and the good will of his eminently respectable boss he has to forget what he learned in Sunday-school."

"The peace of mind of an honest man ought to count for something," asserted the Cigar Store Man.

"The honest man never has any peace of mind," explained The Man Higher Up, "because he is always worrying about how he is going to have the worst of it handed to him the next time."

Little Willie's Guide to New York.

Lovers' Lane.

If you wauk aloan and very quietly along the bypaths of sentral park thesee warm cavnings you will heer from vanyous benches along the route a sucession of sounds like a man drawing a rubber boot out of very thick mud and then you will know you are in luvvers laln. luvvers laln is the name of about 28 paths in the park that are infested by people who havvent got anny better sence than to think it is fun to kis a girl and get a halfnelson on her waste and say bughhowse googoo words to her that are lyable to be printed in the nusepapers when she instichoots the breech of promise sute but it izzent half as much fun as it is to strike a bunch of matches as us boys do whenever we pass by thosee dark benches and then lissen to the luvvsk swanes aware at us and heer the girls skwawk. I shoood think a grouse man wood hav 2 mutch sence to waist a whole cavnng spooning with a silly girl when he mltie be at a dogtite or a krap game, good cold luvvers laln.

A. P. TEEHUNE.